

THE APPARITION!

A
MUSICAL DRAMATIC ROMANCE,
IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED
WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE
AT THE
Theatre-Royal, Hay-Market.

By J. C. CROSS, K
Author of THE PURSE, BRITISH FORTITUDE, &c. &c.



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1794.

[Price ONE SHILLING.]

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IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED

AT THE THEATRE ROYAL

THEATRE ROYAL



To Mr. BANNISTER, Junr:

Whose friendly Assistance introduced the
APPARITION to the Notice of the Public, the Piece
is, with Thanks,

Inscribed,

By his obliged

And very humble Servant,

Theatre Royal,
Hay-Market,
Sept. 9, 1794.

J. C. CROSS.

. The Author of the following Romance cannot commit it to the Press, without acknowledging himself particularly indebted to the Performers for its Success, whose kind Exertions covered those Defects he is conscious it possesses, and with Mr. COLMAN's judicious Curtailments, &c. made it contribute its Mite to the Amusement of a generous Public, whose Approbation it would be the Author's highest Gratification to obtain, but whose trivial Abilities, he must ever regret, render him incapable of keeping Pace with his Inclination and Endeavour.

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M E N.

Glanville,	—	Mr. C. KEMBLE.
Baron Fitz-Allen,	—	Mr. USHER.
Earl Egbert,	—	Mr. COOKE.
Larry,	—	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Chearly,	—	Mr. BARNSTON, Junr.
Peter,	—	Mr. SUE.
Hubert,	—	Mr. BENSON.
Friar,	—	Mr. PINNAR.

W O M E N.

Lady Lauretta,	—	Mrs. LEAKE.
Polly,	—	Mrs. HARDOWN.
Elinor,	—	Miss DE CAMP.

THE APPARITION:

ACT I.

SCENE. *Outside of a Cottage.*

Enter from the Cottage HUBERT and POLLY.

Hubert. **W**HO like us, child, enjoying the luxury of health, content, and clear consciences, would covet the grandeur of the great?

Polly. Not I, indeed, father; riches too often excite envy, and make its possessors miserable; there's the dear lady Lauretta, confin'd in yon odious Tower, what would she give to be tenant of this little shed, and as happy as we are?—Ah! I was from home when her misfortune happen'd; you've often said you'd tell me the whole story.

Hubert. I will, child; my deceased kind master, Heaven rest him, tho' placid to his tenants and his vassals, was austere and unforgiving to those he lov'd not; Lauretta was his darling; so partial was he, that the noblest suitors were denied access, and she condemn'd a virgin flower to wither, rather than lose her fascinating converse.

Polly. Poor dear lady! and so—

Hubert. By chance lord Egbert, wand'ring near this spot, beheld her, he look'd and lov'd; and tho' an equal hatred rancour'd in the bosom of their fires, mutual affection warm'd their hearts; means oft occur'd for private interviews; I only was their confidant—one unlucky evening—

Polly. Gracious me! the lovers were discover'd—

Hubert.

Hubert. Yes, the jealous earl,—“astonish’d at her
“constant absence, unattended, towards approach-
“ing eve;” disguis’d himself, and at a distance
follow’d——

Polly. Ah! poor dear innocents!

Hubert. They met—“unconscious of the threat-
“ening storm, calm and serene, their whole dis-
“course was love,”—the earl approach’d—rage
darted from his eye——

Polly. Oh dear, I should have expir’d away, that’s
certain! so her poor lover——

Hubert. Drew to defend himself, and unhappily
kill’d (unknowing whom) the hasty earl, a pious
monk convey’d the corse to yon old priory, which
there was privately inurn’d; Lauretta, by a man-
date from the court, imprison’d, mourns her re-
sidue of life; the murderer (if self-defence be mur-
der) fled; Glanville, my master’s kinsman, who
now lords it yonder, procur’d a sentence of outlawry
’gainst him, and vast rewards are offer’d for his
apprehension.

Polly. And I dare say my lord’s ghost won’t rest
till he is taken!

Hubert. Ridiculous! you’re like our silly neigh-
bours, who, distemper’d by their fears, of late,
assert, he haunts the castle.

Polly. Well, I wou’dn’t sleep in’t for the world,
I wonder how cousin Peter likes his place?

Hubert. Ill enough, I warrant, for the earl’s suc-
cessor, o’erbearing, domineers, and makes the house-
hold wretched—dear sweet lady! I remember her a
prattling infant—when thy good mother was alive,
and thou could’st playfully just lisp her name! Ah!
I shall never see such days again! [Exit.

Polly. A prattling infant! ah! I ought to have
nurs’d a little one of my own by this time if Chearly
had been lucky; for he says he’ll never marry ’till he
has earn’d enough to make us both comfortable;
and alack, he’s as far off that as ever! “He never
“makes

"makes a prosperous voyage or lucky venture but
 "some shipmate's misfortune, or friend's adversity,
 "make him as poor as ever again." Oh dear, 'tis
 now almost two years since we first kept company.

BALLAD.

When first I saw Chearly I ne'er shall forget,
 So sprightly his mien, his endearments so sweet,
 My eyes sparkled full of delight;
 On the pinions of pleasure the hours wing'd away,
 Too short, ah! too short seem'd a long summer's day,
 And I sigh'd when he bade me good night.
 I cou'dn't but repine,
 When as if it were in spite,
 The village bell chim'd nine,
 And warn'd us bid good night.

When summer suns cheer'd us we walk'd by the rill,
 Or heard the click-clack of yon neighbouring mill,
 Or wander'd where breezes invite;
 In winter a-near the peat embers we sat,
 Where such tales of his dangers and love he'd relate,
 That I sigh'd when he bade me good night.
 I cou'dn't, &c.

CHEARLY *without.*

Chearly. Yeo, ho! where are you, my girl?

Polly. Well, I declare here he is!--always laughing!
 never knew him downhearted, but once, in all my
 life! "and that was, when they were going to take
 "father to prison, and his agent wou'dn't advance
 "money enough to release him."

Enter CHEARLY.

Chearly. Tol de riddle, loddle diddle, &c. (*dancing*)
 "Dammee! I can shake my timbers yet."—*Polly,*
 a burs you jade—how's dad, eh? how's old rough
 and tough? Ecod! I'd a rare trip of it this bout,
 forty moidores, you rogue.

Polly. Indeed! then you *must* be rich!

B

Chearly.

Chearly. Avast! Jack Spritsail was aground, so handed out a round dozen to set him afloat again—Old Oakum's widow wanted victualling for a little crew of young mariners, the pettyfogging sharks had boarded Ben Buntline, and a few staunch old shipmates ax'd for a bit of a lift; so d'ye see, I grew light here, and my friends all light hearted.

Polly. Ah, Chearly, you'll make me heavy hearted; with all your success you've bought no wedding ring yet—we shall never——

Chearly. If we don't I'll be damn'd—next voyage—I shan't stay long ashore—next voyage now—If we're not spliced, why then—I'll—I'll, damme! I'll forswear flip and heave my 'bacco box overboard; as for this, *you'd* ha' just handed out the rhino as *I* did, not a soul but wanted it, and who, you know Poll, could be hard hearted enough to see a fellow creature founder, when a few paltry shiners wou'd save him from sinking.

Polly. Yes, Chearly, but by giving all, you're liable to want yourself.

Chearly. Damme! I didn't think of that—you're right there I believe—but more's to be had where I *arn'd* that; and while I can boast health, fair weather and sound timbers, I've a right to pick up a drowning shipmate, wherever I fall in with him.

Polly. Ah Chearly, I love your very faults——

Chearly. And I can't find any with you—but zounds! I'd forgot—I'd a rare bit of an escape in the offing—sav'd a gemman's life tho'—"I'll tell you."—My mind running upon you, I was bent on making this here port last night—an open boat—heavy sea—squall came on—up and down she went—pitch'd end for end—"as thof she'd not live half a second."—A vessel drove by—heard a signal of distress—made for it—came up with a half drown'd devil, they'd spilt—lent a hand to haul him aboard—'twoudn't do—shipt an unlucky sea—over she went—capsiz'd, damme! kept taught hold of our fellow traveller,

traveller, struck out for shore, "hap at hazard,"
reach'd it in half a glass—"driving at five knots an
hour."—All hands safe and as cheery as Saturday
night, and the bowl flung.

Polly. Dear! dear! what danger you must have
been in!

Chearly. Danger! Lord love ye! if all is but sound
here (*Strikes bis heart*) let the surge swell and the
wind blow great guns, 'tis all one as a calm to us—
howsomdever *my* heart was with *you*, so I left my
messmates to refit, and after beating to windward all
night, just reach'd the channel time enough for a
morning salute. (*kisses her*)

Polly. But you want refreshment—Father will be
so glad to see you ———

Chearly. Not more so, than I to hail him; told the
saved gemman where I was bound—tol de riddle
loddle diddle, &c. (*dances.*) Damme! gi's another
buss—my heart's full tho' my locker's empty—I'm
the tight vessel to box it through life's trip—brisk as
a fresh breeze, keelhauling care, and jigging it away
to the hornpipe step.

S O N G.

I have sail'd round the world, view'd all nations and
climes,

Every point of the compass have box'd,
Seen fair weather, heavy squalls, your best and worst
of times,

And now and then a pretty girl I've coax'd.

But Old England for my money, and a British lass
in tow,

Bless their hearts! why I never, never snub 'em,
As for this or that therē enemy, wherever bred the
foe,

We English hearty cocks always drub 'em.

Then with slip, the fiddles, Poll,

Piping tol de riddle, lol,

We laugh and quaff it merrily, yeo ho!

They

They call us careless ninnies, we'll e'en let them,
and what then?

Why the rhino we work hard for you know;
Not to hoard it up like lubbers, but to spend it,
boys, like men,

With a messmate, girl, a fiddle, boys, or so.

Then Old England for my money, and a British
girl, &c, [Exit.

SCENE. *A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter PETER and ELINOR.

Peter. Do you now Elinor be good temper'd a bit,
only just say you don't care how soon we two comes
together.

Elinor. Well, we are together, and now I don't
care how soon we part; there must be nothing like
love in this castle, you know how our poor lady
suffers by it.

Peter. That's unlucky! and our rich lord too;
dang it mun, I've stumbl'd over a secret.

Elinor. A secret, dear me! let's hear it.

Peter. Quite unlucky! my lord Glanville's mad
for love of madam Lauretta.

Elinor. No, sure!

Peter. Yes, sure, as we two loves one another—I
heard un talking about it just now to unself, and a
mutter'd something silently, but I didn't hear that.

Elinor. No! that's astonishing.

Peter. So it be; quite unlucky. Then Larry
(dang un, it's my 'pinion you's a sneaking kindness
a'ter he) 'a brings un a letter, and so then a smil'd,
and then a look'd glum again, ay, as glum as when
a kik'd me for saying earl Egbert were alive, and
then a read it over and over five or six times.

Elinor. Indeed!

Peter. Aye, now I never reads any thing over and
over above once, unless it be a love letter.—Then
ecod! a stampt his foot, then turning round short
on his heel, spies I—

Elinor.

Elinor. Listening.

Peter. Aye, now warn't that unlucky?

Elinor. Well, and what did you say for yourself?

Peter. Nothing at all, made him the best bow I'd got to my back and runn'd out of his way—but come, dan't be so coy now, gi' us a bit of a smack, (*Going to kiss her, she smacks his face.*) waunds! now that's unlucky! thof it sounds well enough, it be no smack to crack on! od rabbit un! here's Larry again—how dang'd unlucky!

Enter LARRY, speaks as entering.

Larry. Firft and foremost, I'm here safe at last, Och bodderation to you, Mr. Peter, I've forc'd a march to bate up your quarters—in one single second if I don't find you somewhere else, quite and clean out of sight directly.

Peter. That's unlucky! wounds Mr. Larry, as I be an honest man, I wur only—

Larry. Playing the taef, Mr. Honesty; coming the blarney over a foldier's tent furniture in his absence, if he hadn't been bye all the while to perceive you; but if I don't drill you to better behaviour.

[*Strikes him.*

Peter. Don't drill me, I be but a bad recruit, and shall never make a good foldier.

GLANVILLE, without.

Glanville. Peter!

Peter. There! his honour wants to drill me, that's unlucky too, for dang it, I don't know which drilling to *perfar*, you set your fingers to work, and he uses his toes—you're quite handy and he's the kick; 'cod! I woud'n't belong to your aukward squad for the (*Larry goes to strike him.*)—coming your honour, ha! ha! ha! was ever any thing so unlucky?

[*Evades the blow, laughs, and runs off.*

Larry. Aye, go to his honour, or go to the devil,
for

for fait, his honour don't seem to have a heart of a lighter complexion. Oh ! my little rosebud ! why do you let such a wither'd stalk as that, twine his arms about you, and blight all your beauties.

Elinor. Why sure you're not jealous of the poor creature ?

Larry. Fait, I'm but a poor creature, my own self, or do you think I'd lower the dignity of my tip top ancestors so far, as to keep watch and watch before a ruinous haunted old hole of a Tower here night and morning ?

Elinor. Haunted, why I thought you always—

Larry. You may think what you please, but if there ar'n't spirits as naturally alive as you and I are in those old ivy walls I'll ———

Elinor. Bless me ! spirits !

Larry. Yes, you may stare, but if I didn't see 'em invisible my own self, I was fast asleep all the time I was waking, that's all—a jolly old ghost of a fat friar and my poor deceased good looking master as natural as life.—Oh ! by the holy, I won't be under military execution to parade it with such coffin customers any longer, for e'er a lord or lady of 'em all.

Elinor. Ah ! my lady Lauretta, our lord Glanville has just given her permission for the first time since her confinement, to enjoy the fresh air of the garden.

Larry. Och ! then I should like to turn gardener my own self, if it was only to take a peep thro' the bushes, to see if I could hear what she was thinking about.

GLANVILLE, *without.*

Glanville. Larry !

Larry. Blood and oons ! here's our generalissimo with his officious orders ! I'd as leave march to meet old Belzebub's detachment, as be made his aid de camp on any expedition.

Elinor. And so would I [*Going, he catches hold of her.*

Larry.

Larry. Stop, my little pocket pistol, stop a bit, as you're not charg'd, take a little priming before you go off. (*Kisses her.*) [*Exit Elinor.*]

Enter GLANVILLE, with open Letter.

Glanville. Larry !

Larry. My lord !

Glanville. Be trebly observant on your post, and should a stranger's foot approach the castle, give instant intimation.

Larry. Fait! then a brace of strangers, without either feet, stockings, shoes or shoulders, made their approach here last night.

Glanville. What mean you ?

Larry. I mean that a couple of ghostesses—

Glanville. Folly! these superstitious menials give body to the phantoms which their fears have raised.

[*Aside.*]

Larry. Well, if I didn't see as pretty a frightful pair—

Glanville. Peace.

Larry. Or war, it's all the same to me; but if I didn't clap my two good looking peepers upon—

Glanville. Peace I say! thou art impertinent! assurance gives thee a disgusting boldness, think'st thou by this, to gain my favour? and that sheer impudence can make thee thrive?

Larry. Fait! I can't say but as far as I've *obsarv'd*, it's the only ware now worth dealing in: if impudence didn't bring some folks forward in the world, by my soul ignorance would want a settled place of habitation.

Glanville. Begone! send Humphrey to me, "touching this same letter, would 'twere true.—precaution's necessary." (*Aside*) [*Exit*]

Larry. I'll send Humphrey after you, or any body before myself, to be bodder'd with your curs'd commanding orders.—Och dear! how fond I find myself, fait, I'll go take another thimble full of love before

before I wet my whistle to go upon duty; och! but
I've felt the tender passion beating a rub a dub in
my breast ever since I was the height of a drumstick.

S O N G.

My heart is as sound as the heart of Shillaleh,
Old honesty's made it as warm as a toast,
Wid love and affection it's glowing so gayly,
And sure fair fidelity isn't my boast.

When the pipers strike up, why I jig it away,
Look loving, dear joy, when I've nothing to say,
And when battle rages, I battle away,
With a whack for the honour of Ireland.

Since my head was as small as an apple potatoe,
I follow'd the sound of the drum and the fife,
Yet love well as war, with the joys of good nature,
Smooth'd sweetly the wrinkles and furrows of life.

When, &c.

A friend never ax'd when distress play'd the divel,
A lift from myself but I halv'd him my all;
And in fight, och the conquer'd found Larry so
civil,
He lifted 'em up when he'd gin 'em a fall.

When, &c.

[Exit.

SCENE. *Another Apartment. Enter GLANVILLE
reading the Letter.*

Glanville. (*Reads*) "No means occur'd 'till near-
"ing Albion's cliffs of following your commands.—
"Egbert's no more: I took advantage of last boif-
"terous night, and as he careless stood contempla-
"ting its horrors, plung'd him in the waves."
Could I believe this scroll, all then were well, but
should he live! should providence—what then?—
who'd not destroy an outlaw and a murderer!—
what meant he by returning?—why thus venture
ture

ture?—I fear some secret plans are laid, to obtain his pardon! A mission from the court already I've receiv'd, giving Lauretta liberty—as yet it must not be—she weds me first, and then—(*a noise.*)—What noise is that? (*Friar enters.*) Excellent friend, thou'st ta'en advantage of my trust repos'd, and enter'd to my wish—

Friar. I joy I have my lord; nor have your prying vassals seen me.

Glanville. The bar against my union with this squeamish girl is now remov'd; Egbert's no more.

Friar. Indeed!

Glanville. Why do you start? She must be liberated too! so says the court; ere she is—dost thou understand? Our union, or her death, would make my fortune sure—

Friar. Her death!

Glanville. Nay, comprehend me right; I love the maid to desperation, love her—that is (mark me) her wealth—I'm next of heir, 'tis in my grasp, and I must fasten on it.

“*Friar.* Then sooth her ear with gentle strains
“ of courtship, nor harbour in your breast a thought
“ would make a Cræsus poor, and life's elisium
“ hell.

“*Glanville.*” I've try'd by threats and close imprisonment to bring her to my wish, but all in vain; now seeming lenity shall gloss my conduct, she breathes a freer air already. I'll prepare her heart for soft impressions, speak of Egbert's death, my love, and my deserts; her wealth must, or be mine, or I must cease to be. [*Exit.*]

Friar. Vain man! thou little think'st the instrument (thou deem'st) of all thy villainies will ere long become thy punisher. [*Exit.*]

SCENE. *An outside View of HUBERT'S Cottage.*

Enter EARL EGBERT.

Egbert. Thus far I've journey'd safe—my errand, love, impell'd by passion near allied to desperation,
C here

here I've ventur'd ; or to behold my lov'd Lauretta,
 or die in the attempt ; seven tedious moons have
 glimmer'd since we parted ! Yon tower is her vile
 prison—since dire misfortune drove me hence, I
 have incessant courted danger, and strove in vain
 for death ; I wish'd t'erase her image from my
 heart 'mid crimson carnage, and the clash of arms.

BRAVURA SONG.

When martial clangor strikes the ear,
 And parting lovers drop a tear,
 And warriors shake the glittering spear,
 My bosom burns for glory ;
 I hear elate the din of arms,
 'There's rapture in their dire alarms,
 The noble with my bosom warms,
 To die the theme, the theme of warlike story.

Behold the combatants engage,
 View valour stem the battle's rage,
 Yon crimson river see !
 And hark ! the wounded's dismal moans,
 Affail the air with dying groans,
 With dying, dying groans :
 While chearful breathes th' enlivening strains,
 Re-echoed from the distant plains,
 Of victory ! victory ! glorious victory !

How to proceed, sure Hubert inhabits here—my
 kind preserver too—I'll e'en trust him.

Enter CHEARLY.

Chearly. Ah ! my master ! what you've come up
 with a body at last ! well, and how has the salt
 water season'd your appetite ? If it's keen, I'll an-
 swer for as comfortable a bit of beef and biscuit
 within here, as e'er honest heart was welcome to.

Egbert. Thank ye, my kind fellow ! you sav'd my
 life, look for a reward. (*Offers money.*)

Chearly.

Chearly. Avaft there, damme! if nought but the lucre of gain makes a man do his duty, I wou'dn't give a twist of damag'd spun yarn for his farvices.

Egbert. Good creature, I may repose a confidence in—you'll not betray me?

Chearly. Betray you! damme! what do you take me for?

Egbert. Behold in me the unfortunate Egbert, whom misadventure——

Chearly. Luff, luff, I've heard all about it, old Hubert told me; 'twas a curs'd unlucky cruise, that's certain; but you were not to blame, and a court-martial must have acquitted you; therefore, behold in me Jack Chearly, mariner and cockswain, with I hope courage in his heart, though not a stiver in his pocket—who will stick by you, while he's a rag of canvass left, or a splinter to hang it on—but what *finnifies* preaching—in to old Hubert, and stow a little belly timber in your hold, for your ribs seem as bare as a biscuit—in—in—matey. [*Exit into bouse* Earl Egbert.]——Bless his heart! what a pity *misfortin* don't keep a look-out for proper swabs to split her spite upon, instead of boarding the worthy and true-hearted!

Enter POLLY.

Polly. La! Chearly! who is that with father! I never saw him take on so in my life before.

“*Chearly.* Hey! why it's—no, avast there—
“mus'n't bouse out his bearings—poor fellow, let's
“go comfort him.

“*Polly.* But”—Who is he?

Chearly. Why did'nt you see he was unhappy? So what signifies the name a leaky vessel bears, so as one can render her a farvice?

Polly. But you won't leave us so soon, Chearly?

Chearly. I must in a few tides, my locker's empty, you know; old Ocean's my agent, and I must draw upon him—I wish I'd a cag-full of comfort to carry

here I've ventur'd ; or to behold my lov'd Lauretta,
 or die in the attempt ; seven tedious moons have
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Chearly. Why did'nt you see he was unhappy? So what signifies the name a leaky vessel bears, so as one can render her a sarvice?

Polly. But you won't leave us so soon, Chearly?

Chearly. I must in a few tides, my locker's empty, you know; old Ocean's my agent, and I must draw upon him—I wish I'd a cag-full of comfort to carry

his hon—pho—I mean I wish to yarn a little rhino
for the priest to—eh?—Oh! you little likely devil!
blefs your stem and streamers! you're the neatest
prettiest sailing frigate in the whole navy.

D U E T.

CHEARLY. Come Polly, let's be gay,
Love bids us merry, merry be,
Time's bearing tow'rds that happy day,
A prattling babe will grace your knee.

POLLY. Yes, Chearly, I'll be gay,
Love bids us merry, merry be,
Time's wearing tow'rds that happy day,
A prattling babe will grace my knee.

Heart easing,
Sweetly pleasing's,
Hymen's dear delightful strain,
Without alloy,
Domestic joy
Will glad us o'er and o'er again.

BOTH. Heart, &c.

POLLY. With you my bonny Chearly,
Content will blefs endeavour;

CHEARLY. We'll love each other dearly,
For ever and ever.

POLLY. When early morn begins to dawn,
We'll gayly hie to labour;
At setting sun, our labour done,
We'll trip to pipe and tabor.

CHEARLY. No store of wealth,
But jocund health,
And competency merely;

POLLY. No spacious dome,
An humble home,
I court with bonny Chearly.

CHEARLY. Come Polly, &c.

END OF FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE. *A Hall in the Castle.**Enter LARRY, followed by ELINOR.**Elinor.* STOP, Larry, why so hasty?*Larry.* Oh, is it you faith? not hasty at all, only I'm in the divel of a hurry:—I can't stop, so I'll just stay, to hear what you've got to tell a body.*Elinor.* Why for all your fine speeches to me, Peter says you're ever bragging about your Irish beauties.*Larry.* Bless 'em! Sweet creatures! to be sure I am: always speak well of the bridge that carries you safe over—by the powerful! I parted with as sweet a slip in the Cove of Cork—almost as pretty as your own handsome self—when I stepp'd over here, only just to see how the land lay—fait, I took myself abroad as a venture, and left my little lass, nothing but a few kind kisses for home consumption.*Elinor.* Kisses indeed!*Glanville. (without.)* Where's Peter?*Larry.* S'blood! I must to my post and relieve my comrade, or else—don't let that Peter, Elinor, wid the false key of his palaver—open the heaven of your little heart—for if he does, nation seize me! but angel as you are, I'll be after playing the very divel wid you. *[Exit.]**Elinor.* Well to be sure! Larry does look divinely in his regimental uniform! how well he march'd and perform'd his exercise at last review! well, there is a mort of pleasure in a field day, that's certain.

SONG.

S O N G.

Delightful to view 'tis when soldiers are campaigning,
 The sports of a field day its bustle and life,
 So jovial they march'd it, fatigue all disdaining,
 While chear'd by the sound of the drum and the
 fife.

Rub a dub, rub a dub, sounds so chearily,
 Toot a toot, toot a toot, speaks so merrily,
 Merrily,
 Chearly,

They beat to quick time for glory all rife,
 While echo replies to the brisk drum and fife.

Pip pop in the air, Lord! how bold are they firing,
 Retreating, advancing, dear me, they're all life,
 While around them gay ladies their marching ad-
 miring,

Prance along to the sound of the drum and the fife.

Rub a dub, &c,

[*Exit*,

SCENE. *A View near HUBERT'S Cottage.*

Enter EARL EGBERT and HUBERT.

Egbert. A private way?

Hubert. Yes, my good lord: a subterraneous pass,
 near clogg'd by time, which report affirms led to
 this tower; but is now so dismally forbidding, that
 the boldest of us dare not explore its confines.

Egbert. I am fix'd:—will see once more my dear
 contracted love: sweet Lauretta! let me again
 behold thee, alas! I fear I foster a fruitless hope.

Hubert. I'll be your guide—but pry'thee do not
 venture.

Egbert. No more—disdain of danger, weariness
 of life, screw resolution to it's highest pitch—Shew
 me the spot.

[*Exeunt*,

Enter

Enter CHEARLY.

Chearly. Yeo ho! Avast! where's his honour bound? if he don't keep a good look out a head, the land sharks will lay hold of him—none of his fashionable crew of former friends to stick by him now! No—so steers the world! Friendship! Damme, with some folks, it's lighter than a feather, and puff'd out of sight by the first gust of misfortune! well, 'et an enemy but attempt to grapple him, and mack, I steer between, receive their broadside, and be rather rak'd myself than a brave fellow shou'd want support—I wish I was along-side his sweetheart, and cou'd tow her safe out of execution dock for him.

Peter. (*without*) How unlucky.

Enter PETER.

Chearly. Ah Peter! my old acquaintance—well, what corner's the wind in now?

Peter. Why a dang'd cross corner—all unlucky! I bee's com'd to warn cousin and old Hubert, to be *timber*some in calling at castle to ax a'ter I—for Measter's outrageous, and I be in disgrace—how unlucky—cod! I'll take my davy, I saw somebody like what-d'ye call-un? the outlawry earl, lurking hereabouts.

Chearly. Damme! say that again, and——

Peter. He'll fartinly be shot!—how unlucky! they'll hang un up.

Chearly. Zounds! haul your wind! or I'll hang you up, you shall dangle from the next yard arm, ye noisy lubber. (*Seizes and shakes him.*)

Peter. That would be unlucky! dang it! they all have a buffet at l! Measter kicks ma'—Elinor slaps ma', Larry drills ma', and you throttles ma'—I be pye-ball'd already with your thumps! feggs! a few more such active acquaintance would change my fair colour to heathenish ebony: dang't I shou'dn't have

have one inch left of christian-like white skin in my whole composition. [Turns up the Stage.

Enter HUBERT.

Hubert. Chearly, our friend has attempted——

Chearly. What?

Hubert. Enter'd the subterraneous pass, which report avers conveys you to the castle;—how anxiously I await the event—I would have follow'd, but his injunction——

Chearly. S'death! but I'll follow and be in junction with him in a crack—an enterprize of danger! and I not share in it!—Zounds! I'll scale the walls and—I want no pilot, old one—expect a bit of a breeze tho'——so out you come, old shipmate, (*Draws his cutlass.*)——Aye, many's the time you've tapp'd the claret of old England's enemies! this honest friend never turn'd traitor to a good cause; or slunk from duty, when inhumanity was to be punished, or my country's foes chastis'd. [Exit.

Hubert. I'm all uneasiness! this lad's rashness too——

Peter. (*comes down*) Yes, his rashness too made me uneasy: seeing I be prattily made and well put together, cod! a has just naw been a trying to shake me all to pieces!

Hubert. My babbling tongue to intimate this pass!—I dread the consequence——unlucky!

[Exit.

Peter. Yes, dang'd unlucky! so be I—I've had all kinds of *fortin*, but good *fortin*, and no luck at all but bad luck! when I wur at hoame, feyther taught me to thrash corn—by laying the flail across my shoulders, and I wur lucky an I had'nt half a score lessons every day—a'died at last, that wur lucky; left I his heir too—now any one wou'd ha' thought that lucky—I wur only heir to a cartload of debts—so it wur dang'd unlucky a'ter all; well then, I lov'd a pratty maid for a few months or so, with her own consent,

consent, but dang it!—churchwardens gave their consent for sending I to jail, without ever asking of mine; then I com'd—but odzookens, there's no such thing as luck in this world—I'ze a great mind to tuck myself up and try t'other.

S O N G.

- “ When a stripling at home, in our parts,
 “ Folks call'd I a comical lad;
 “ I tickled the lasses gay hearts,
 “ And a mort of kind cooing I had.
 “ A feyther anear being made,
 “ I was forc'd to take leave of my Sukey,
 “ Or else they in jail had ma' laid,
 “ Wounds and dang it, now wan't that unlucky ?
 “ Thinks I, I'll no more be in love,
 “ So away to the alehouse I sped,
 “ Where the lads round the beer-bicker move,
 “ And the hops somehow jump in their head.
 “ A cute hand at cards why I play'd,
 “ Shuffled, cut, hiccup'd, swigg'd, 'till quite fucky,
 “ I lost every angel I laid,
 “ Wounds and dang it, now wan't it unlucky ?
 “ Poor and tatter'd a sarvice I got,
 “ Thinking there to be happy and gay,
 “ But *luck* and *fishlike* wan't my lot;
 “ I again fell in love—lack a day !
 “ Ma'am flouts, measter fleers, all the men
 “ So jeer me and so forth, that look ye,
 “ I'll e'en tuck myself up—and then ——
 “ No---waunds and dang it, that will be un-
 lucky.” [Exit.]

SCENE. *A Garden belonging to the Castle.*

Enter LAURETTA.

Lauretta. Another tedious day creeps on of weary life, why view I once more light ? But to remind

D

me

me of the scene gave birth to all my woes—anear these walls my Egbert—but let me not reflect—Oh luckless day! torn from my love, my parent lifeless, and myself imprison'd! An age of misery in one short hour of life—no prospect of relief but in the silent grave!

A I R.

When earth the pearly dew inhales,
And ruddy morning breaks,
The timid hare, which man affails,
In flight its safety seeks;
The sylvan strains of hound and horn,
Breathe danger—vain it flies,
And starts alarm'd—fierce packs surround—
The harmless victim dies. [Exit.

Enter GLANVILLE.

Glanville. Umph! she avoids me, but in vain; if not imprison'd soon within these arms, her doom is fix'd—poison or marriage—these rich domains must own me for their lord—nor will I scruple 'bout the means—future ages poring o'er my story, shall not read a mere memorial, to tell curious fools I liv'd supinely, and supinely died! No—come what will, I'll climb to fortune's top, posterity shall know that Glanville lived, and deeds of noble daring write his epitaph. [Exit.

SCENE. *The Outworks of the Castle.* 'LARRY discovered at his Post. Thunder, Light'ning, Rain, &c. for some Time, after which it gradually clears up.

Larry. That's right! rumble away, and water your plants by pailfulls; by 'my soul, I'm sorry they've set me here—I'd rather be transplanted, and grow somewhere else—being upon guard this weather suits but ill with a man's welfare! besides, the claps of thunder and screams of ghostesses make such a clatter, that while I'm nodding here on the watch, I can't take a single nap in quiet---fait!---if they

they were alive for one moment they should be dead in half a second ; but being apparitions only, there's no such thing as dealing with them, they bodder your gig, and trip up your heels, without ever a toe to stand upon! (*Friar comes cautiously from a door on a descent, appearing to lead under ground, followed by the Baron Fitz-Allen, clad in armour, who observing Larry, stalks majestically across the stage.*) Och! ub-bubboo! ubbubboo! och! (*sighs*) before I mention their names, there they are! the dead jontleman, my master again, as I'm alive! but as for old father confessor there, I don't know what the devil he wants with him! but by my soul your priests bundle themselves into the best company, dead or alive! your most *obadient* t'other world gentlefolks! and I'm happy to bid good bye to you—but by the powers, the next that pops his cold nose this way, smells red-hot powder. [*Chearly sings without, supposed to be clamb'ring up the other side of the wall.*

Chearly. Then I sung fal de ral tit.

Larry. And down you drop, Mr. Tit, with your chirruping. (*As Chearly appears on the wall, Larry fires, and he drops on the side next the audience*) Och! stop the ball! stop the ball—I wou'dn't even have fir'd a blank cartridge, if I'd known it had been you—I've kilt my friend! I've—Och! (*howls*) what have I done amiss that —

Chearly. (*rising.*) Yes, ha, ha, ha! *it is a miss*, and that miss is a damn'd good hit for me —

Larry. Och! by the pow'rs if I didn't take you for a ghost, I'll be shot.

Chearly. And I'll be shot if you didn't try to make me one—but all's right and tight, so hand us your fin, and here's to you (*Takes out a flask, and drinks*). Come, take a pull---it's better with a friend than pulling a trigger.

Larry. Not a fingle sup, Chearly ;---off guard I'm your man, but not upon duty---it's so unsoldier-like---it's a vice, that---it's no vice---but---blood

and oons! you might leave me a bit of a sup, how-somdever!

[*Snatches at the flask.*]

Chearly. Aye, that I will, and give you a sentiment shall make you gulp it down glibly---May the British constitution ever ride snug and sound in the harbour of safety, till eternity's afloat, and old time founders.

[*Drinks.*]

Larry. That's not long enough wid your floundering; may it last---may it last for ever and-a-day, and you and I live to see it. (*Drinks, turns up the flask empty, and offers it to Chearly*) There, don't ax me to swig any more of your swipes, you may finish the rest yourself---but arrah! what the devil brought you here?

Chearly. Zounds! I'd forgot that---I'm oft like a shot---am a little out of my latitude to be sure, but must try to find out the longitude, and if I don't bring the vessel I'm cruising after safe into port, may I sink in sight of it---Yeo, ho, my hearty---

[*Exit singing.*]

Larry. Where the devil can he be marching to? Blood and oons, how he skims it away yonder! clamb'ring over the wall like a cat without claws! by my soul, perhaps he's after Elinor! Och! my pretty brown Bess, though you've been a kind mistress to me (*addressing his musquet*) for many a month, I must be after leaving you to look after him; if you don't be troublously obfervant on your post, by the holy! there's not another bullet goes down your throat, if you were starving for it---and yet my jewel I love you dearly.

S O N G.

A younker I listid wid old ones my honey,

One night I remember on St. Patrick's day,

Agra! I was frisky, received the king's money,

Beat a march on my drumsticks and leather'd
away;

A bright

A bright brunette beauty, my chum was on duty,
I lov'd the dear jewel, who was't can you gueſs,
Och, a clean little creature of gunpowder nature,
So warm her affection! they call'd her brown Beſs.

Wid her here and there up and down ſhoulder'd ſo
neatly,

Slap, rattle, reſt and fire, right and left dreſs;
Hand in hand wid my darling, we jogg'd it ſo
ſweetly,

Talk of all your town ladies, my charmer's brown
Beſs.

" As to courting her, oh! it was ſweetly delightful!

" So bright and ſo beautiful ſparkled her charms;

" When ſhe ſpoke, oh, her voice was ſo pleaſingly
frightful,

" I hugg'd the ſweet creature all night in my arms.

" The laſt has much ſkill in (like moſt maids) man-
killing,

" Her vengeance but court and you ſure go to pot;

" Oh then at game ſhooting ſhe ne'er ſets her foot in,

" Agra! but brown Beſs is the deuce of a ſhot.

" Wid her, &c."

In the park upon guard, or ſo neatly parading,

I'm her beau of a ſweetheart, brown Beſs is my
belle;

If a puppy insults us, her mode's ſo perſuading,

In a ſhort time what ails him, he'll long for to tell.

He may ſwagger and bluffer, with her, 'twont paſs
muſter,

If 'twere Hercules ſelf, ſhe would bring the boy
down;

Her form's ſo inviting, my boſom delighting,

She's a charming fair piece, tho' they've chriſten'd
her brown.

Wid her, &c.

SCENE.

" S C E N E. *The inside of HUBERT's Cottage.*

" *Enter POLLY.*

" *Polly.* Dear, dear! I never was happier in all
 " my life! father says he has spoken to the priest,
 " who, for all Chearly is so poor, has consented to say
 " grace over us---what a feast of satisfaction it will
 " be! well, he always told me love led to happiness :
 " but then you must have constancy for its compa-
 " nion, and never chide it away with a forbidding
 " frown.

B A L L A D.

" If Cupid, fly urchin, your pete wou'd invade,
 " And the bosom of pleasure despoil;
 " In your cheeks, let the dimples of joy be display'd,
 " And love gayly meet with a smile;
 " Ne'er disdaining, heigho!
 " Its approaches, ah, no!
 " But love gayly meet with a smile.
 " A smile from your features can banish despair,
 " And tho' blind he discerns all the while;
 " That you laugh at his bow, for his quiver ne'er care,
 " And returns your gay looks with a smile;
 " Ne'er disdaining, heigho, &c.
 " His arrows ne'er wound, they more tickle than
 smart,
 " And he ne'er you of ease can beguile;
 " For Cupid disdains to give pain to the heart,
 " That greets his approach with a smile;
 " Ne'er disdaining, heigho, &c.

" *Enter HUBERT, throws himself into a Chair.* "

" *Polly.* La, father, what's the matter?

" *Hubert.* Oh child, I know not;—but dread the
 " worst.—The stranger you saw here, is earl Egbert,
 " desperation impell'd him to attempt a private en-
 " trance into the castle—the report of a musquet has
 " been heard, and I fear he is now no more.

" *Polly*

" *Polly*. Dear me ;—but what can *we* do for him, father ?

" *Hubert*. Alack, child ! nothing—*Chearly* too to be so venturous ———

" *Polly*. *Chearly* ! sure nothing happen'd him ---what of *Chearly* ?--- do tell me, father.

" *Hubert*. I'll try our neighbours.---*Egbert* was much belov'd, alack ! every determination is pregnant with danger.

" *Polly*. Danger ! *Chearly* in danger ! let's fly to his assistance, I'm sure, father, he wou'd to yours. Dear ! dear ! woman as I be, I'd fight most manfully, afore he should come to any harm. [*Exeunt*.

S C E N E. *The Court Yard of the Castle ; on one side of the Stage, a Wing of it, in which are folding Doors.*

Enter GLANVILLE and LAURETTA.

Lauretta. For heaven's sake desist.---Think'st thou by wounding me with *Egbert's* death to gain thy cause ? why torture an unfortunate ? talk not of love to me---my love lies buried in my *Egbert's* grave.

Glanville. Nay, pr'ythee hear me, by my soul I swear———

Lauretta. Leave me, my lord, or lead me back to prison ;---there unassail'd by cruel solicitations, I'll brood o'er my misfortunes, and weep away the residue of life.

Glanville. Nay mark me, lady.-----I demand attention ; will enforce it.---Our union is the price must purchase happiness ;---consent, or---

Lauretta. Never, I'd rather die ; know then thou'rt my aversion. I view thee with disdain, with horror, read in thy angry visage, a heart loaded with guilt, pregnant with every mischief, and---

Glanville. I'm choak'd with rage---no further dallying---I'll be obey'd---if still you tauntingly revile my suit, this keen edg'd sword shall wing its vengeance

geance to thy heart, tho' self destruction were the fatal consequence. (*Draws, she screams and faints into Egbert's arms, who enters on the instant; at the same time Chearly comes on.*)

Chearly. Yeo ho! square the yards there---I can't speak, but this honest friend here shall say a few short sentences for me. [*Fight, Chearly drives Glanville off.*]

Lauretta. My Egbert! is it possible!

Egbert. Lauretta, let us fly; death only shall divide us now.

Glanville. (*without*) Ring the alarm bell! seize them, let none escape.

[*The Alarm Bell is heard, Servants arm'd, &c. rush on, disarm and seize Egbert, &c. Chearly enters disarmed, and tying up his sword band with his handkerchief, followed by Glanville's Servants, Peter, &c.*]

Chearly. Curse on such cowardly swabs!—a first rate opening all its ports upon a jolly boat! but if they hadn't disabled my starboard fin, shiver me! but I'd ha made 'em scud--“what, all your scurvy crew as black hearted as yourself.”---but tho' I'm disabled I'll rather sink than strike! [*Struggles occasionally with those who hold him.*]

“*Peter.* Here's a farmentation! lord! lord! how unlucky.”

Glanville. Egbert! my fears foreboded this! that villain to betray me! but no matter--- [*To Egbert*] Resign your forfeit life, justice demands it.

“*Peter.* I said a'd suffer! how unlucky.”

Enter LARRY.

Larry. Oh! what a pretty piece of work brown Befs has made of it, to let a whole world and a half into the castle, here, and be damn'd to her.

Glanville. Hold!—this foldier shall perform the office—Larry, the law demands yon wretch should die—therefore do you—

Larry. Me! No your honour, his life may be forfeit,

forfeit, but I'd rather lose mine than be his executioner.

Glanville. What, dare you mutiny?

Larry. No, I know my duty better, but it can't be right for me to make amends for one murder by committing another;—so get somebody else for your bloodhound, for the divel fire me! if I'll hunt with such a savage pack any longer.

Lauretta. (*kneeling.*) Oh Glanville, if one spark of pity yet remains—be merciful—save, oh, save my Egbert!

“*Egbert.* Plead not my love, I'd rather meet yon base affassin's sword than sue to him for mercy.”

Chearly. Oh! for an oaken towel to give that fellow a wipe!—“Scuttle ye, ye swabs! lay me but along side yon pirate, and if I don't capsize him—may grog be my poison.”

Glanville. This instrument (*Snatching Chearly's cutlafs from one of the servants.*) with which his bully yonder wou'd ha' destroy'd me, shall—

Chearly. Damme, I wish I had it! we'd then see what it would do—Zounds! how an honest bit of steel's disgrac'd when it falls into the hands of a scoundrel.

Lauretta. Once more, I pray you hear me——!

Glanville. You plead in vain—your tears should have flow'd for your father's death and not for his affassin's, even should the injur'd shade of him he murder'd, stalking from his silent grave, plead for his forfeit life, 'twould not avail, this moment is his last——[*Going to strike, the folding doors fly open, and*

Fitz Allen appears.

Fitz Allen. Monster, forbear [*He drops his sword, seems in great agitation, every character much alarm'd.*]

Glanville. Heavens! the baron living!

Fitz Allen. Vassals, behold your long lost lord restor'd—restor'd to make the virtuous happy, and to punish cruelty—Seize on that wretch—(*they seize him*)——my child, my dear Lauretta!

E

Chearly.

Chearly. Toddle liddle, &c. (*dances*) I knew we shou'd double the cape; 'Sdeath---those fast friends about me had nigh stopt my windpipe a little while ago, and now I'm quite choak'd with joy!

Larry. It's old master sure enough! I know him by his voice, and visible---invisibles; how the divel did he recover it after being so long under the sod? fait there's his familiar, and we shall now know all about it.

Enter FRIAR.

Friar. You thought my lord no more, long was recovery doubtful; when accomplish'd, to prove his daughter's filial love, and probe his kinsman's gratitude, he contradicted not the story of his death--yon villain, considering me as his accomplice, furnish'd the means of entrance, you know the rest---

Peter. Tables be turn'd Measter Glanville, how dang'd unlucky.

Fitz Allen. Oh! my child! forgive my seeming cruelty---every pang you felt wounded me fore---let Glanville be well guarded--Noble Egbert, thou'rt worthy of my daughter---nor will I longer bar your union.

Chearly. Damme! but the wind has chopp'd about prettily. "I thought once we should all have gone to the bottom."

Enter HUBERT, POLLY, ELINOR, &c. (they start.)

Chearly. Ah my pretty Poll.

Hubert. My lord, is it possible?

"*Peter.* Yes, it be; tho' almost impossible to believe it, I hopes a won't die again soon; that wou'd be unlucky."

Polly. Why Chearly, you're hurt.

Chearly. Pooh, a scratch; that one kiss from you will sooner cure than all the med'cine chests in the cock-pit. (*kisses her.*)

Egbert. Chearly, to what exertions do I owe your
presence

presence here, and aid to my dear Laurretta in the hour of danger?

Chearly. Why to good luck and zeal to serve you both---they calls me poor, but to assist the worthy in the hour of calamity, gives a body more comfort than all that wealth can bestow.

F I N A L E.

EGBERT. A Spirit's made the wretched gay,
The charm which he inherits,
Would tempt your smiles, then joy
display,
And put us all in spirits,
A Spirit's, &c.

LAURETTA. To Egbert soon united,
How joyous shall I be;
With mutual love delighted,
No pair more blest than we.

EGBERT. The poor oft claim compassion,
Their merit let us prize;
Worth in the lowest station,
Its owner's worth supplies.

LARRY. Wid Elinor so gamesome,
The hours would glide away;

ELINOR. Then not to be thought blamefome,
Be this our wedding day.

POLLY. I happiness delight in,
My friends I love to cheer;

CHEARLY. And joy seems so inviting,
We'll bid it welcome here.

A Spirit's made, &c.



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